





## South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY CORNO.VALDIVIA HARBOR.—A FINE CITY.—POVERTY A  
SHOW-PIECE.—DR. BOND'S SCHIFF.—VALDIVIA'S  
COMMERCE.—THREE.—STRANGE.—UNKNOWN  
WORLD.

With a harbor perfectly accessible in all weather, a city within the bold, picturesque location, commanding enough to cover under the notice of the world, with harbors to spare, as beautiful in its surroundings as the bay of Rio de Janeiro or Naples, or our own northern Champlain, as beautiful as any of them, the harbor of Valdivia is comparatively a solitude.

Stooped at Valdivia is, at the bottom of a magnificient deep water bay, at the sea base of a territory as fertile and productive by nature, and blessed with a climate more salubrious and delightful than that of any other region on the whole Pacific slope. Valdivia from these causes alone ought to have been to-day a populous and popular city.

Then adding to these advantages her others, among which are her having the first copper and silver-mines that ships after battles there was armed Cape Horn run close to the easy access to a wide, undivided frontier territory, that all her surrounding hills, even down to the coast headlands, bear with undeveloped mineral wealth—copper, lead, zinc, silver, and free burning coal in abundance—surrounded as she is by rich advantages and resources, Valdivia should have been in this year 1865 the commercial emporium and queen city of the west coast of America.

Poised by North Americans, Englishmen, Prussians or Germans, Spanish America would have had a history and destiny better than their actual records can ever show. The genius of the conquering Spaniard has ever been to pull down native empires, building up nothing better in their stead. The same repulsive phantom that so overawing through all the southern hemisphere of this continent stands in all the highways and byways of progress, stands as persistently before Valdivia, keeping out theft and prosperity as effectually as the armed angel barred the ways of our erring first parents to their lost Paradise. That insatiable phantom is "South American Civilization."

Persuaded by the over prevailing reign of such an poison, Valdivia, that by virtue of position and advantages of surrounding circumstances, in the almost three centuries that have passed since her first founding, ought to have grown into a sea-board metropolis rivalling any of our own in magnitude and commercial enterprise, is to-day in reality more insignificantly poor, less alive to progress than any inland backwoods village within the limits of the United States.

In our country, the circumstances of a town consisting nine churches, and having scarcely a dozen to a population of five thousand inhabitants, would be testimony conclusive in favor of moral and religious progress. But is many another portion of South America besides Valdivia it indicates nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it is rather indubitable evidence of vicious ignorance and superstition.

Besides four of the churches that have considerable pretensions to responsibility of appearance, both outside and in, there are within the more compact limits of the town, perhaps ten, and close about the suburban surroundings, twice that number of very respectable private dwellings, mostly the residences of foreigners—French, English, and at the period of our visit four Americans, two of whom, both as one-pot-tailors, had been there more than twenty years, grown very wealthy, and becoming richer in measurable percents.

Having seen the four more respectable churches and the score and a half of private residences inhabited by foreigners, the stranger visitor has seen all of Valdivia's worth seeing. And when indeed he happens to have a penchant for opinion and fifth and twelfth-doubt and rage. In that case he may find gratification, whenever he goes. The material is plentiful, cheap, and on public exhibition every where.

The warehouses of Valdivia and Valdivians is their salvation—so they will tell you. And the question of whom you will, and the reply will be prompt and pertinent—the question being:

"Why don't you build up, and clean out, and improve and beautify your city of Valdivia here?"

"For our sake" (because, sir, if we were to make it worth their notice, it's a waste) "we will do it." And when the question is asked again, "will you?"—they will tell you, "Yes, we will do it." And when they do it, and the reply will be prompt and pertinent—the question being:

"Why don't you build up, and clean out, and improve and beautify your city of Valdivia here?"

Pretty good logic, perhaps, for a Valdivian to practice, but something humiliating to a government and citizens at large—a town so situated and surrounded by all the latent elements of prosperity to drag on through ages of poverty and wretchedness and semi-barbarism, her degradation and utter indigence being her protection against a tribe of hostile savages. And yet there is, I am disposed to think, something very like good philosophy in the poverty plan of the Valdivians. While among the Indians, we hear always and everywhere the uniform declaration:

"If ever the Spanish build between us and the sea a city that is worth the cost, we will surely destroy it, as we did three times their city of Valdivia."

And it is probable that until Chile shall be far better able to protect her sea coast and frontier towns than she ever has been or possibly can be for many years to come, it would be absolutely folly to build up either Valdivia or Concepcion in a way that should call towards them the Indians' vengeance. Those in doubtless redoubtfully held a long arm of unfeasted hatred against the Spanish race, and they will never fail to strike for vengeance whenever their slaves shall be sufficiently of spurs to reward their prowess.

Dr. Bond suggested to several Valdivians one day that he thought it would be a capital idea for our party to along a couple of hundred leagues of territory along the southern coast of Chile, embracing the harbors and towns of Valdivia and Concepcion, taking a lease for a year, a hundred and fifty years, and then building up two famous commercial and manufacturing cities, settling the land proprietor with a million or so each, and gave the following as his notion of the tragedy:—After having witnessed the performance, from which I could make out of the play, I'd think Mathew was a good moral character, and his lady appeared to have exquisitely fine notions of hospitality, which together with an unceasant habit of talking to herself, and walking about on tiptoe, made her a decidedly unpleasant companion."

good may be done by a million of men—I don't know.)

After all, if Dr. Bond's romance of colonization could be put in practice, it is beyond a doubt that Chile, and the world, and South American Civilization, would be vastly the gainers by the enterprise.

The commerce of Valdivia is inconsiderable, consisting of wool, a few hides, a little wheat, some parcels of copper ore, and sand and then a cargo of beef cattle in the way of exports, while her imports are principally fine fancy goods from France, substantial wooden fabrics and hardware from England, and cotton goods, butter, lard, ham, whiskey, and boots and shoes, from the United States. On an average, there are four French, three English, and two North American cargo ships received and consumed in Valdivia and vicinity per annum; and the arrival of any one of the regular traders within the port, is the occasion of a holiday, and when three of them happen to drop into port within a few hours of each other, as they do—one from each country, two days before our arrival—there is forthwith a grand carnival—no business, no labor, no nothing, but crazy jollity for a week.

Perhaps the grand catastrophe that ruled over in Valdivia, at the time of our advent, will best account for the condition in which we saw several of the clergy and a good many other people, both men and women.

It happened to us to just here, I remark that although wine drinking is habitual among all classes throughout Spanish America, drunkenness is as rarely the failing of a native South American, that in any city or town of Spanish America, groping your way along the streets in the dark, and encountering some one whom you cannot distinctly see, but can safely say is boundly drunk, if you were to say, "The fellow is a foreigner or a priest," in almost alike case out of every hundred you would be right, in ninety cases the priest would be a foreigner from some whisky-drinking country, and in nine a priest; though I must say, that although I have seen a good many priests staggering unsteady in their gait, I have no recollection of ever having seen but one dead, down, boundly drunk, as we so frequently see Jesuitics and John Bull's. Therein South American Civilization has something the advantage of ours.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that I make no reflections upon the religion of the Roman Catholic Church. It has in South America been productive of immense good. It is by no means the fault of Roman Catholicity that civilization and morals in South America are at the lamentable low ebb they are to-day. Our Protestant faith has in many instances been worse administered abroad. It is individuals I am dealing with in these cases of priestly immorality and boundly debauchery.

Valdivia has had of late years a considerable conservative trade, mostly to Valparaiso, but some of it going on beyond, to Callao, Guayaquil, and even Panama; carried on principally by small, shabby, nearly-worn-out vessels thrown out of employment in the United States and England and elsewhere, but A. No. 1 for fifteen years continually serves in the Pacific. A later convenience—not so much to Valdivians or Callians as to foreigners having business along the west coast, south of Valparaiso—are two steam-packets of the British Pacific S. S. Company, that ply regularly, once a week, between Valparaiso and Valdivia, touching either way at Concepcion, and come four or five little, obscure ports in the land, of no great importance commercially, but three of them of considerable consequence as affording most excellent harbors for small vessels, and having convenient to them an abundant supply of good, fresh water, and very fine burning coal.

Having seen all that is in any way worth looking at in and around Valdivia, and said of the place more perhaps than in justice it is entitled to, if the reader has a fancy for a brief cruise along the Pacific coast, very close in shore, and will favor us with his or her society on board our beautiful Remondials, I have no doubt we shall find the passage a remarkably pleasant one, company agreeable, and as our next destination is Talcahuano, time-out-of-mind—ever since Pacific "blister-busters" began to point their 160-bore around Cape Horn—the inveterate resort of outward-bound "whale-killers"—and as three members of our party are "operators," and old-timers in Talcahuano, I think the chances are that in escorting you about the quiet old Spanish town, and pointing out a good many of its queer characteristics, we shall be able to amuse, and, in some degree, perhaps, instruct you.

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As RETRIBUTIVE SECRET.—The following anecdote is told in Berlin:—At a ball given last week on the seventeenth birthday of the daughter of one of the newest families, a mysterious figure—a monk—entered the saloon precisely at midnight, and disappeared, after having presented the young lady with a basket of flowers. On examining the contents, an ebony media was found, studded with silver, containing a solid wreath, an arrow piercing a fly, and a paper on which was written:—A general of the world of shadow." It should be added that, though the master-banquet immediate, the young matron did not lose her presence of mind, but continued dancing, and betrayed no emotion whatever.

The XTRA.—A very curious optical instrument, says the London Review, was invented by M. Houdin. It is termed an lithoscope, and has for its object the detection of disguised conditions of the human eye. It consists simply of a concave shell, having a small aperture in its center. The patient uses the litho scope himself in the following manner: The instrument being placed upon the eye, he looks through the aperture at diffused light, and if the human eye is closed in consequence of particles will be seen floating in the field of vision. M. Houdin says its principle is something like that upon which a water-mill is held up to the light to detect whether its contents are pure.

DR. BOND'S DETECTIVE.—Dr. Bond has made a very valuable instrument in reference to twenty-jumping frauds perpetrated under the rules for reward. He traces the jumps from the time of being aware in all they reached the field. He states that of the \$50,000 now called out and won by the Government, only 100,000 reached the field as soldiers, while thousands of others received bonuses. This wasteful system of fraud is shown to have been perpetrated in every loyal state.

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ed to think of doing it, but I was so perfectlyretched before that an added touch could not make it much worse. I was just making out the word "come," when Nell's ringing voice exclaimed,

"So we get you here at last, proud lady! What are you doing over there?"

In my terror I hid the note in my pocket, and faced her with all the consciousness I could assume. She and Ben had come with the carriage at last; but now the rain was over, and the sun was breaking out.

"I wonder where Stratthorne can be," said Ben; "he's leave a few signs to show him we have been invaded."

So Ben went about tipping over chairs, inverting an umbrella, building a pyramid of books, and indulging in all manner of freaks, while Nell hurried me from one thing to another, pointing out what she liked best.

"So you saw this?" she asked inquisitively, as we approached the drawn curtains which revealed the charms of his picture.

"Yes," I said; "tell me all about her now, Nell." For I felt that Nell knew more than I, and I remembered how she had said she would never speak of it again till I was willing to ask her.

"Do you really ask me, Ada? Take me, perhaps you had better not know," she replied, with beauty in her tones.

"Tell me," was all I said.

"And after all, you may not call it much that I have to tell. Stratthorne is a man who follows out a fancy when once set on. I imagined those charcoal eyes haunted him till he found the owner and entered his little world of friends. She had never known anyone like him; he made her love him—so pure was she who she could help it? He was so charmed by her fairy dream of him, that one day he forgot himself and told her he loved her. Poor little thing! she was very happy. You heard her sing at that second concert—that was her soul triumphing; she did not know how much she had lost even then. Fate never intended her for Stratthorne; it was only a fancy. You need not be jealous, Ada, you are decent now. He has drawn a curtain over her picture—he has drawn another in his heart over her memory. If I were you, I would never disturb either. But I consider my sympathies are with the poor little charmer, and I shall give her all my saving to do," concluded Nell, with a comical pat on the shoulder.

"So Stratthorne returned—

and the note was still in my pocket. I turned it when I reached home; what it contained I never knew. If it was a last appeal, a remonstrance to come, it was all in vain. Stratthorne never read it. What else could I do? I was happy no longer; yet I loved him still. My idol was fallen, yet I could not bear to have another worshipper approach it. In all the pain and unrest that settled down on my heart, one determination grew fixed and distinct, to win him from all others, to make him surely my own, and after that I would begin to think of revenge. For I could not forgive him; no, I could never forgive him, for speaking of love to me at the very time when he knew how another was treating him. Ada Fleming could not break royalty. And it was then that I understood how Queen Elizabeth felt when she discovered that Stratthorne was treacherous in love.

I knew of course by that the charmer-girl was Nell's treasure of a seamstress, and I determined to make it my way to call on her. I asked Nell where she lived.

"What do you want of her?" she said, sharply.

"I am going to take some work to her.

I shall tell her that I am engaged to Guy Stratthorne, and have a great deal of sewing in consequence. I know I had better tell Nell the truth, for she always found me out if I tried to hide anything. She looked at me in amazement.

"Have you the heart to do it?" she exclaimed; "cruel girl, you shall not! And yet, and yet, she ought to know—and no one dare to tell her. Go, if you will; but I should think you would be afraid to go to sleep to-night with the consciousness you must have!"

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all this for? Why, because he wanted me to go and live with them. My aunt's health had been failing of late, and he was aware that I knew the worst might soon come, so he wanted me to be sure of a home. I burst into tears.

"My dear, good child," he cried, warmly, "if I ever was going away, I would not have grieved you so. You have, I know, a true, warm heart. Your dear aunt may live for years; only, if she should not, J—will and I—"

"'Pray don't!" I interrupted. I could not bear it. The more he praised me, the kinder he was, the more I wept and felt miserable. At length, as at my request, he left me. I grew calmer after a while, and went to sleep.

"Do play Chopin's march for me, dear," said my aunt. "Your dear aunt—she wanted me to fascinate him to the last. She little knew that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had been beforehand with me there."

I played it again. It was the knell of all my hopes. A gray twilight filled the room, and they could not see the tears which flowed down my cheeks. I played well, they said; and I believe I did. Something from myself was in the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowful. Mr. Thompson came and sat by me when I had done. The servant brought in the lights, and a letter for my aunt. While she was reading it, he said, softly:

"You will think over it."

"Pray don't," I entreated.

"But you do not know how much I like you," he insisted; "and then you will do my wife, Jessie, justice. J—was good—your skillful darling. Besides, I have set my heart on something."

This crowned all. I grieved his meaning; he had a younger brother for whom he meant me. He had all but said so this evening in the garden. "It would do John, who was rather light, all the good in the world." I could not bear it. I rose and went up to sleep.

"What now, nasty?" I asked.

"Now, indeed!" she replied, amazed. "There's Jessie's going to marry my cousin, Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. I wonder what he will do with the little girl!"

There was a pause.

Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not dare to look at him.

"What Jessie is in that?" he asked. "Surely not Miss Raymond's cousin?"

"Yes, the same. Do you know her?"

"I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."

He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did not believe it. He had placed his hand on my heart I pitied him.

"Perhaps it is not true, aunt?" I said.

"Not true! why she writes it to herself—there's her lesson."

I looked at him now. He was pale as death, but very firm. Neither troubled look nor quivering lip gave token of the cruel storm within. Something now called my aunt out of the room.

"Angela, may I look at it?" he asked, glancing towards the letter, which my aunt had handed to me.

I could not refuse him. I gave him the letter. He read it through with some compunction, then looking for his umbrella, which he would always keep in a corner of the dining-room, he said, very calmly:

"I think I shall go and take a walk."

And he went out, and we saw him no more till the next morning, when he left us.

My aunt was disappointed to find that Mr. Thompson had not promised to see after all, and I was but to the heart's core by the absence of his services. My wife had gone down with my cousin's foolishness; mine had been at the best but a reflected light. I was glad because Jessie was loved.

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. She married from my aunt's house, out of regard to Mr. Norris, who was related to her, and who disliked Mrs. Gray. "That somebody," he said, and I am afraid she was a somebody. Jessie was very bright, and seemed very happy. She treated me wonderfully when Mr. Thompson. She was sure, she said, he had made love to me, and she looked at me with great significance as she spoke. But I betrayed neither his secret nor mine; and though she vexed me when she quizzed him to Mr. Norris, especially about his motives, I did my best.

"I can see he will be married with his umbrella under his arm," she said, the evening before her own wedding. "Don't you think so?"

I did not answer her; I went out into the garden, and wondered how she had observed him. Also? I might have wondered how, without touching him—he had observed me.

Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. She had always thought I should go off, but she was also greatly disappointed by Mr. Thompson's indifference, and perhaps she guessed the meaning of my altered looks. I believe I got up to this just then. And I was always playing Chopin's march.

"My dear," said my aunt to me one evening, "is not that very wonderful?"

"I like it, very," I replied, but I resolved to play it no more.

"Mr. Thompson liked it," she said, with a sigh. "I wonder he did not propose to you," she added, abruptly.

"I was none."

"I wish I had never asked him here," she resumed. "I cannot help thinking."

"Don't, pray don't!" I interrupted.

She did not notice, but she made me go and sit by her. She remained me, she seemed to, and Jessie left the door my name from me.

"My poor darling," she said, when I had consented all. "She may value you, but—"

"No, aunt, he never will. But pray do not trouble about me. I mean to get over it, and I will."

I spoke reluctantly, and my aunt praised me.

"You have always been the best of girls," the maid, tactfully, "and I am glad you have had confidence in me. I did not mean to have Jessie this year; but now I will take you to the next. You must have a change, my poor darling."

She kissed me, and I remember how calm and happy I felt in that gray room, sitting by my dear aunt's side, and looking at the starry sky. The nightgown was simple again, as on that first evening when I had left so broken-hearted; more rose to my eyes when I crossed over it, and my last blossoms, and my feathers, withered away; but the blossoms were gone from my garment.

"You must have a change," said my aunt again.

Also? the change came with the morning. My aunt was up for breakfast. I went up to her room and found her calmly sleeping. But at the same time, two days were these blossoms. The bird cage which had rested on me in love was silent, the voice which had over spoken in

praise and endorsement was silenced, for ever and ever.

I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that her husband was my aunt's heir at law; but I found it very hard. Poor, dear aunt! she always did mean to make a will in my favor, and she never did. Mr. Norris behaved very handsomely, I was told. He gave me the piano which had been bought for me, a few other articles of no great value, and all my aunt's wardrobe. He kept her jewelry, which were fine, and the furniture, for which, as he said truly enough, I had no use. Moreover, he allowed me to remain in the nest till Lady-day; though perhaps, as he could not live in two houses at a time, and must pay the rent whether I stayed there or not, this was no such a great favor after all. God forgive me, I saw I was very sinful during the dark days that followed. I had some friends who did, or rather who said, their best; but there was one who never came near me, who gave me no token of his existence, who had no kind word for me, who let me struggle through my hard trial, and who never offered a helping hand. He might at least have written, have consulted with me in my sorrow, but he did not. And yet he was in the neighborhood. He was often at Mr. Norris's house. Jessie herself told me so. True, he had business to transact with her husband; but still, how could he do it?

He did it, and he did more. Mr. Norris was thrown off his horse one morning and brought home dead. Jessie became a widow, and a poor one, said the world. Mr. Norris was not a rich man after all, and he left many debts. I only went to see her once. I found her cold, callous and distant, under her affliction; yet I would have gone again if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris's executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could only interfere; besides, I could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and very useless, but it was so. Mrs. Gray often came to see me. I told her not to trouble me much. She gave me a world of useless advice, and told me much that I would rather have heard. What was it to me now, that someone kept him so often and so late with Jessie? They were both free; and if she chose to forgive her and marry her, and if she chose to marry once more for money—I say it again—what was it to me?

And yet I suppose it was something, after all, for when Mrs. Gray left me one afternoon in February, I felt the heaviest being on this wide earth. She had barged again on that hateful string—that Mr. Thompson seemed quite smitten with Mrs. Norris. "And what do you think, my dear?" she added; "he thought you were gone. He seemed quite surprised when I said I had seen you on Sunday. 'What, is she not gone?' he asked—'go to London?' "No, indeed. What would she go to London for?" He did not answer that, but, from something he said, I saw he thought you were engaged to be married. 'I wish she were, poor dear!' I replied; it is a hard case to be so young and so lonely." I have no doubts he thinks so, too, and so it is to prevent Mrs. Norris from being lonely that he goes to see her so often." Then she rattled on, stabbing me with every word, till at length she left me to my misery. I sat looking at the fire; it was bright and warm, but my loneliness was heavy upon me; besides, it had been snowing, and the gray sky and white garden and snow air had something both lone and chill in them. Yet I was not quite alone. Early in the winter I had taken in a poor, half-starved stray dog, and though he was but a shaggy half-bred, I had made a pet of him. He had laid by his vagrant habits willingly enough, and he now lay sleeping on the rug at my feet. Poor Carlo! he had not the more room, but he thinks so, too, and so it is to prevent Mrs. Norris from being lonely that he goes to see her so often."

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He half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and looked at me as he smiled. Both the smile and smile disappeared me.

"Mr. Thompson," I said, exultingly, "I have a hundred dollars."

My poor, shaggy Carlo came forward, wagging his tail. He laid his head on my knee, and looked up at me wistfully and fondly, as only dogs can look when they vainly seek to read the meaning of a human face.

"He is an outcast," I said, looking at Mr. Thompson; "he was starving; he came to the door; I fed him, and he would not leave it. I took pity on him—I gave him a mat to lie on and a crust to eat. He gave me for it; but, Mr. Thompson, I am not quite so low as to be brought to this poor beast's level—I can take care of myself."

Mr. Thompson threw himself back in his chair, and uttered a dismal whistle as I made this free commentary upon his proposal.

"Well, well," he said, recovering slowly, "I can understand that you should not care for me—but I did not expect you would take care of me."

"And how could I take it?" I cried. "You give me pity—I am poor. Ah, Mr. Thompson, if I were not the poor, forlorn girl I am, would you feel so pity so? Do you think I do not know how rich girls are won and won? If you cared an atom for me, would you dare to come to me with such language?"

"What language?"

"What did you mean by taking care of me?"

"What I said, Miss Augusta, I wish to take care of you—true, food, loving care; nothing shall make me unhappy."

He spoke warmly, and a manly glow rose to his face, but I would not give in, and I said, angrily, that I did not want to be taken care of.

"Do let me drop these unlucky words," he entreated; "and do tell me whether you will marry me, yes or no. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

"I don't, know what possessed me," I said. "No." "Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was spoken, and he rose with a flushed and disappointed face. He lingered a little, and asked to know why it was No and Not? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No sense of friendship, of good-will, no hope that I would repair or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall in, and I felt in a sort of stupor. It was over. What madness had made me say that? Every step took him farther from me—never again—never again—would we meet. Perhaps he would not have left me then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah! if I could have said to him, "I cannot be happy with you because I love you, and you do not, because my pride is too great to suffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to go without you than to have you on these terms." If I could have said all that, would our master have said that? It was too late to think of that now, but it was not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and moaned as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose thrust in the hand which hung down by my side, in the folds of my dress. I looked up. I looked up, and saw him again, looking at me with a kindly welcome.

He was well, and he looked at the fire. For a while we were both quiet. I spoke first. My remark was scarcely a question.

"I heard you were so much engaged that I scarcely expected to see you, I said.

I was vexed with myself so soon as I had said it. He might think I was annoyed at his long absence, and, really, I was not. But he took my implied reproach very well. He answered that he had, indeed, been much engaged, but that everything was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this morning. My heart gave a great throb; but I was quiet.

"She left in so very confidential mood, I believe," he remarked. "The balance in her purse was low—lower than I expected. Mrs. Norris has something like a hundred a year. This and a few jewels constitute the net profit she derives from her marriage. Unhappily, these are not enough to support others, you see. The capital of youth and beauty has but a limited time; it is apt to wear out, and the few resources ought to be the best. Mrs. Norris, not having found it so, is disappointed. I suppose it is natural; but you know I cannot play her very much."

I suppose not; but here all that said, hand still poised me.

"I have a friend," he resumed, "that this

kind lady expected some other ending to our accents. This is not very flattering to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my marked value; is it now?"

I would not answer that question. His tone, his manner, vexed me. Suddenly he raised his eyes to mine.

"Did such a rumor reach you?" he asked.

I could not deny it. My face was in a flame. I believe I blushed something, but I do not know what.

"Even you have heard it," he said, looking scarcely pleased; "the world is very kind. And you believed it, too! I had hoped you knew me better."

He seemed quite hurt; but I offered no justification. Then he rather formally asked to be allowed to mention the business that brought him. So it was business! I scolded myself for my folly, which was not dead yet, and I had him speak.

"Was I asleep or dreaming?" Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, her love for me, my forlorn position, and expressed the strongest wish to take care of me.

"But," he added, with some humility, "I do not fit in with one fashion—as your husband. Will you overlook all those peculiarities in my temper which used to annoy you, I fear, and take what there is of true and good in me? Can you, will you, do it?"

He looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was one of my bitterest moments. He cared so little for me, said the world. Mr. Norris was not a rich man after all, and he left many debts. I only went to see her once. I found her cold, callous and distant, under her affliction; yet I would have gone again if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris's executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could only interfere; besides, I could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and very useless, but it was so.

He half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and looked at me as he smiled. Both the smile and smile disappeared me.

"And you, Mr. Thompson," I said, at last—and you?"

"Well, what about me? Do you mean I, too?"

"Yes; can you do it?"

"Why surely—she had never proposed it."

He half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and looked at me as he smiled. Both the smile and smile disappeared me.

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"Do let me drop these unlucky words," he entreated; "and do tell me whether you will marry me, yes or no. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said, a little nervously.

For there was it was in the corner, that horrid umbrella of his! but, instead of going to meet it, he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but that everything was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this morning. My heart gave a great throb; but I was quiet.

"My dear Mrs. Raymond," he said, peremptorily, "why should we not be happy together? I cannot bear to see you go, indeed I cannot."

I looked at him in doubt.

"Then you do really like me?" I asked.

"Do I really like you?" Why, what else have I been saying all along?"

"You said you wanted to take care of me."

"Oh, if we are to go back to that— we began, resignedly. But we did not go back to that; we went back to nothing, for a miserable life suddenly became the happiness of women, shall I not quite confess."

"You would not have come back, if it had not been for that horrid umbrella of yours," I said, with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did not come back, and planned it through the window pane, and I saw you riding your horse on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so fond of him; and so I came in for my umbrella,

and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose."

Perhaps he only said it to please me, but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and though years have passed over us both, I do not think so now.

#### About Dogs.

Few persons are aware of the values and variety of dogs, varying, as they do, in weight from one hundred and eighty pounds to more than one thousand, and in value from about five hundred dollars to less than nothing.

The Siberian bloodhounds weight about one hundred and sixty pounds, measure forty inches in length, and are worth \$100 to \$200.

The Newfoundland dog, which is of a triffle or light color, is very large and valuable. The Newfoundland dog, which is of a triffle or light color, is very large and valuable. The Newfoundland dog, which is of a triffle or light color, is very large and valuable.

The Scotch terrier, which is of a triffle or light color, is very large and valuable.

The English greyhounds, the fastest of dogs, are worth from twenty-five to one hundred dollars.

The Italian greyhound is a parson dog, and is worth from \$25 to \$50.

There is a great variety of pointers, setters, and spaniels. The Prince Charles variety is the most valuable of spaniels. He is supposed to have originated in Japan, where a similar breed exists.

He has a round head, short nose, long, curly ears, large, full eyes, black and tan color, and never weighs over ten pounds.

It could not be bought for \$100. Terriers are often crossed with the Italian greyhound, producing a very delicate, but extremely vicious dog. The Scotch terrier is the hardiest of the terrier breed.

The English greyhound is the best of rabbit-hounds, and is worth from \$20 to \$50.

The English fox-hound is the best of fox-hounds, and is worth from \$25 to \$50.

The English pointer is the best of pointers, and is worth from \$25 to \$50.

The English retriever is the best of retrievers, and is worth from \$25 to \$50.

The English spaniel is the best of spaniels, and is worth from \$25 to \$50.

The English cocker



